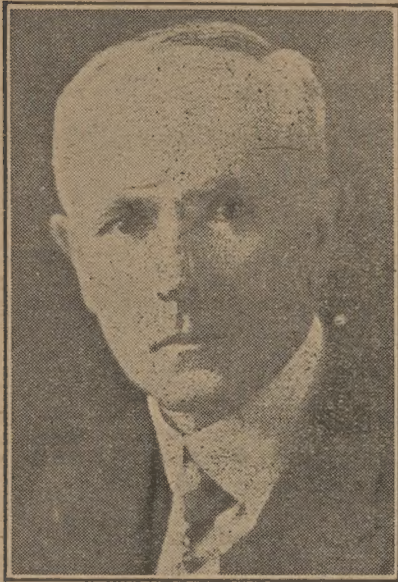


THE GATEWAY

Issue No. 13, Vol. XII.

Edmonton, Alberta, Tuesday, February 21, 1922.



INTERESTING LECTURE BY PROF. WILSON OF U. of S.

Official Visitor from Sister University Addresses Staff and Students
of U. of A. on Facts! Science! Fiction!

A large audience, composed of the staff and students of the University, gathered in Convocation Hall, on Friday morning at eleven o'clock, to hear the excellent address delivered by Professor Wilson of the University of Saskatchewan.

President Tory introduced the speaker, as the first official representative from one of our sister universities to visit us this year.

Professor Wilson, after conveying greetings from the University of Saskatchewan, spoke of the desire of the people to hear some new thing. He thought that this desire, which Paul had observed on his visit to Athens, was shared by the modern undergraduate. In this connection, Professor Wilson mentioned the visit of Dr. MacGibbon to Saskatoon a few weeks ago, and his timely and able speech on "Recent Social and Economic Tendencies in France."

In choosing a subject in the field of letters, he said that it was difficult to find anything new, but that he was going to try and present some aspects of an old subject, fiction, associated with facts, and science.

The speaker stated that seventy-six per cent of the books taken from the public library at Saskatoon during the month of January this year were fiction. From this it was inferred that either the taste of the people was depraved, or that there was more food to be obtained from fiction. The current estimation seems to be, he said, that fiction is lighter in substance than other forms of reading, and he referred to Lord Morley and to Carlyle, as deploring the preponderance of fiction read, while admitting its value for relaxation.

On the other hand, he cited Robert Louis Stevenson as affirming that the most influential book was fiction. And Aristotle considered that fiction was more serious and philosophical than history. History is a reflection of moral laws in relation to outward events. The novelist deals with these

same moral laws in relation to inward experiences. Thus fiction is truth in its relation to inward laws; and history, although it deals with facts, is fiction. The facts of history may be concealed, and it is subject to caprice and accident. Fiction is universal. The writer has no guide but his moral conceptions, in event of these failing, his works will not endure.

The facts of science are gathered from nature, but in a very arbitrary and artificial way. The philosopher, Kant, compares science to a judge who asks only the questions which he thinks fit. Much of the information obtained by the scientist is accidental. The scientist projects his experiment to illustrate the particular law. The writer shows the universal law immersed in flesh and blood.

Should moral teaching be the purpose of poetry and fiction? By references to Burns and Shakespeare, the speaker showed that poets do moralize, and that some of the moralizing is also good poetry. The poet gives us the conception of life we call beauty. The preacher points out the steps leading to beauty, but the beautiful is higher than the good. Poetry and fiction are inseparable, and give us beauty.

Scott gives us an insight into history from the time of Richard I. to the nineteenth century, and we know his characters more intimately than the people we meet every day. The mind and heart behind the externals are revealed more clearly in the characters of fiction, and the writer gives us a rounded picture comprising the whole of life.

Our problem is to make what we can out of life. Fiction helps in the shaping of personality, and gives us a new challenge. Fiction, however, is only a part of life. History is needed to present the outward facts, philosophy to reveal inward laws, and

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When the young lady of the joke which became standardized in the Paleolithic Age, says: "This is so sudden!... she is saying what she thinks she ought to say, not what she really thinks. But when an emissary of the Freshman Class breezed into my office the other morning and asked for my latest 'cut' for publication in The Gateway on the ground that I was their honorary president. I could use the bromide mentioned above with a truthfulness quite foreign to the young lady. And then, to cap it all, came the demand for a 'message,' and I realized I was out of luck, because I've been giving my message to the Freshmen M. W. F. 11 right along until it has assumed almost the quality of something humorous, in their eyes, at least.

I was lunching with a man in town some months ago, a graduate of a great Eastern American university, and a successful man of business, and I asked him this: "If you had my chance, what would you tell the students on the basis of your experience in life?" "Why," said he, "I couldn't tell them too often that those four college years are the one last, best chance to get an education, and that they can't get too much, the way the world's built now!"

I have thought this the best message for my colleagues of the Freshman Year because they have the best opportunity to realize on it; unfortunately the will and the understanding don't always meet. Oh for the wisdom of Class '22 combined with the opportunity of Class '25! With this message goes a wish. In Latin we study wishes and regrets together, perhaps we must in life; but in this case I want to keep my wish for 1925 as much as possible in the present subjunctive.

—William Hardy Alexander.

COMING EVENTS

- Wed., Feb. 22.—French Club.
- Mon., Feb. 27.—Students' Parliament.
- Wed., Mar. 1.—Students' Union nominations.
- Orchestral Rehearsal.
- Fri., Mar. 3.—Alumni Play: "The Romantic Age." Convoc. Hall.

A judicious mixture of work and play should be the aim of the University student. It is not an easy matter to maintain a rational division of one's time and interest between the two fields of activity, nevertheless the maintainance of some such proportion is essential to ultimate success. It may seem ridiculous to warn a student against working too hard; but we have enough of the type in the University to at least justify the warning. The most serious thing that can happen to one is to lose one's sense of humor, and work out of proportion will cause just that very loss. On the other hand too many students develop the play tendency to such an extent that they too have lost their sense of humor, blunted out of existence. Otherwise they might suffer self injury laughing at themselves; and at least they are their tuition fee out of pocket. University life suggests the progress of a disease:

Freshmen—infection.
Sophomores—acute stage.
Juniors—convalescence.
Seniors—immunity.
Make the application for yourselves.
Note: I hope to be invited to the Senior Banquet.

Dean Howes.

COMMERCIAL GRADS. CITY CHAMPIONS

Defeat Varsity Women by Score
of 21-10.—Varsity Led at
Half Time 8-7

Before a crowded gallery in the Varsity Gym on Saturday night, the Commercial Grads. for the second time this year defeated the U. of A. ladies' basketball club. A win for Varsity would have meant a play-off for the city championship, but the Commercial were just a better team, and the score tells a true story of the game.

Owing to Alice Swanson, Varsity's star forward, being unable to play, Varsity's scoring ability was considerably weakened. At centre play Varsity had slightly the edge, Grace Studholm, at centre, getting the jump consistently. The real battle was between the Varsity forwards and the Graduates' defence, and to hold two such forwards as Nellie Perry

(Continued on Page 5)

AN EXPLANATION

In view of the fact that we have undertaken the publication of this issue of The Gateway, not on our own initiative, but in response to an appeal from the regular staff, we feel that a certain remark about "lowly intellects" which appeared in the last issue was rather uncalled for.

Our first impulse was to disregard this frenzied outburst, to treat it with the silent contempt which it so richly deserved, but second thought convinced us that to overlook it would be to do an injustice not only to ourselves but to the whole of the first two years.

Since taking over The Gateway the regular staff has put out two issues, a monumental task which seems to have entirely exhausted their originality and forced them to resort to one of two courses: To sus-

pend publication pending recuperation, or to call in outside assistance. Having decided on the latter course, they quite naturally turned to us, and we, perceiving the sorry plight of our superiors, agreed to assist them.

We can but do our best, and we ask you to bear with us, attributing our sins of omission and commission to inexperience. We realize that if we fall below the standard of the last two issues we will owe the student body an apology, but if we improve upon this standard we will have set up a mark at which the Juniors and Seniors may shoot.

If you are satisfied we feel that the paper itself will be the best possible refutation of the contemptuous and flambouyant prognostications of those responsible for the bombastic little screed which appeared in last week's issue.



Do You Know Her?

3. A real westerner. But, unlike majority of real westerners, had a religious start. Has never succeeded in living it down. Fairly successful in keeping it up. Plays hockey. Her playing in keeping with her start in life: "Tis better to give than to receive." Waves a wicked pen, injecting humor into Gateway.

Is fearless. Needs to be. Is one of the leading lights in Wauneta Society. Twinkle in her eye does not denote frivolity, merely emphasizes her keen enjoyment of life.

Her namesake honored by her national bard in "Of a' the airts the wind can blow."

Her one dissipation—being a good student.

With a little juggling her first name can be made to spell a true description of her: "Neat."

Do You Know Him?

4. Has many good qualities, which were inherited. Has developed others too.

Build, slight. Face long. Chest, narrow. Favorite place for thumbs, in vest arm-holes, displaying his narrowness. Firm believer in display, especially when "called." Is fastidious, nifty; a second edition "Reggie of the Regent Palace." Is a pauser and a poser. As a pauser—exasperatingly persistent; as a poser, when in company of those we place in "Freshmen" class; as both—anytime, anywhere.

With his affections—promiscuous. Reminds one of a bee in a garden—flits from flower to flower!

In army life—an efficient officer; in scholastic life—a deficient "Latiner."

Once upon a time—a brilliant journalist, but "got tired."

Has an MC—a prefix, not a suffix. His one success—a stage "waiter."

Languages: French—atrocious; English—profane.

Ambitions: Nothing definite, but sure to get there.

To give you a distinguishing clue: A worn "British-warmer," honorably worn.

Two theatre tickets are again offered as a prize to the student submitting the best answer to the above.

Conditions governing the contest are the same as last week, except that all answers must be in not later than Feb. 27th.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S CONTEST

The student who submitted the following two answers to the "Him-Her" contest in last week's issue of The Gateway was awarded two theatre tickets as a prize.

1. In spite of certain remarks, which, I have no doubt, were used as camouflage and in fun, it is impossible to make a wrong guess. For to all of us she is known as one of the girls who takes a real interest and an active part in students' affairs. She gives much thought, time and energy to promote welfare of student body, and, of course, attends to her studies. Hence "books," "sheaf of papers" and "rush." She is a leader, has vision, initiative and executive ability. Unmistakeably, your prophecy is based on these sterling qualities.

2. His rotund appearance, due to an outwardly convex arrangement of panniculus adiposus over a compact muscular stratum, gives impression of lack of speed. Large exposure of frontal and parietal bones is indication

of substantial supply of grey matter—the source of his executive ability. My girl abhors his corduroy trousers. In one of his somniloquies he explained that, as Premier of the United Western Provinces and true to his College nick-name, he proposed the inauguration of a pluvial system which would obviate Hatfield's services and revolutionise all irrigation schemes.

Varsity Laurels Remain Green

Debating Society Representatives Defeat Normal 3-0

On Monday, Feb. 20th, the debating society again added to the Varsity laurels when its debaters, Campbell and McKay, defeated Moorehouse and Chapman, representing the Edmonton Normal, by a score of 3 to 0. The subject of the debate was: Resolved that all Canadian railroads, which, previous to 1914, were owned and operated by private companies, and which since have been acquired by the Dominion Government, should be returned to private ownership. Normal took the affirmative, Varsity, the negative.

Moorehouse, in opening the case for the affirmative, argued that private ownership because of the fact that profit was its aim inevitably tended to give more efficiency than government ownership, pampered as it is with patronage and wire-pulling. He then gave a short review of Canadian railroad history, pointing out the blunders the government had made in the past from over subsidizing and the ones they were making now in running bankrupt railroads.

Campbell replied, pointing out that the Canadian National is a corporation separate from the government. He traced railroad history, showing the part played by the government in constructing the Canadian railroads, and pointing out the fact that the roads had to be taken to maintain the service through the west.

Chapman, the second speaker for the affirmative, drew a long comparison between the Canadian system and those of Germany, Switzerland and Australia. The success in these countries was due to peculiar circumstances that do not exist in Canada.

McKay replied with a speech that upset most of the arguments of the affirmative. He showed that the C. N. R. was today competing on a par with the C. P. R., despite the fact that the latter company had received enormous cash grants. Canadian railroads must be owned by Canadians, not by foreigners, for they must be run not merely for profit, but for the development and social betterment of Canada.

The judges were Rev. W. A. Smith, Prof. Killam and Mr. C. Sampson.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy Drama: "ZAZA".

AGRICULTURE

Notwithstanding the sub-zero weather, the members of the Ag. Club enjoyed a very pleasant trip to Chicago on Thursday evening. The journey occupied less than an hour, and took place in Room 142, Arts, the feature of the evening being an address by Prof. Cutler on his impressions of the International Hay and Grain show which he attended recently, in the American city. His description of the various features of the Exhibition and the slides illustrating many of the exhibits gave those present a splendid insight into a phase of Agricultural work which, as yet, is comparatively unknown in western Canada.

During the business session which followed the lecture, considerable in-

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Interest was aroused at the mention of the rumored proposal of the separation of the Faculty of Agriculture from the other faculties in the University.

Every student of the faculty at the meeting went on record as being vigorously opposed to any measure having this end in view, and steps were taken to have those advocating such action acquainted with the view of the students on the question.

Several of the Ags are devoting a great deal of their time to an experiment, the results of which it is hoped will revolutionize the production of grain around Leduc and all points north. A carload of hairy caterpillars has been shipped from the Eskimo Experimental Farm on Herschel Island, and it is believed that by crossing these with one of the local varieties of oats, a fur bearing oat will be produced, suitable for our northern climate. Orders for samples of the new oats may be left at any time with Art. Kemp.

We are told that those who are responsible for the presentation of the recent tragedy, "The Slaughter of the Innocents," sub-title "Chemistry I," are quite gratified with the attendance. In fact, nearly a full house greeted the appearance of this well known drama. In contrast to the extensive publicity given by the press to many less worthy productions, it seems that many of the papers had very little to say on the subject. Indeed, to this fact the management at-

tributes a great deal of credit for the "slaughter." A return engagement of this popular attraction is booked for early in the spring, but many of those present at the last performance declare that once in quite sufficient.

The success of the Ag. hockey team in several of their games seems to be due to the inability of the opposing team to pull the "Feathers" out of Fetherstonhaugh.

Jas.: "I hear that each man on the roll in the C. O. T. C. is to get \$9.10."

Jos.: "Why the odd dime?"

Jas.: "Oh, that's the amusement tax."

An eminent authority informs us that the reason our papers are so long in coming back after an exam. is that goose-eggs take six weeks to hatch.

Popular Lies

I think Mathematics is so interesting, don't you?

I shall never love another.

I'm sure I made a first class on that test.

I haven't been to a show for ages.

I'll pay you back next week.

I must have forgotten to wind it. These are the best tickets I could get.

Tell him I'll be down in a minute. I think lantern slides are so educational.

Varsity Cinches Basketball Championship

LAW COLUMN

The law is the true embodiment,
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And we, my lords, embody the law.

We beg to announce, in our most fitting falsetto, that we are compelled to follow the lead of science, and firmly resent slurs cast at our most worthy profession that would tend to lower our prestige in public life and cause "hard feeling among faculties." We are glad to see that the Wauneitas stood by their "little brothers" anyway.

Yes (to quote) Med. night has outgrown the accommodation of Convocation Hall, and to thrive should seek a new location. It might be in order to suggest that in future it be held in the open air at Borden Park while possibly some other faculty might condescend to have their shingle on the "clock door" of the Arts Building for an evening. No offense, hats off to the Meds!

A certain lawyer has had a great deal of experience in telling disappointed clients that he has lost their case. He generally sends them away more cheerful than one would expect. He does this by proving to them that they would have lost money if they had won, because of his fees.

Lots of healthy advice and other things were produced at the annual law banquet. We were cautioned not to dream of entering the profession for pecuniary motives. In fact, we were put in such a philanthropic state of mind that many of us would have donated our spare cash to some benevolent society, had not the welcome news arrived that another four bits a member was required to defray the banquet expenses.

Prof. Weir delivered a very interesting address, at the semi-monthly luncheon of the Law Club and Edmonton Law Students, on certain phases of the legal profession in England. He dealt particularly with the centralization of the profession, its growth, and the customs prevailing.

Advt.—Party who removed green silk pyjamas from closeline at 440 West 12th, please return and no embarrassing exposure will be made by me.

No Use

"Can I be of assistance," asked the sympathetic motorist to the owner of a stalled car.

"How's your vocabulary?"

"I'm a minister."

"Drive on."

Manly v. Scott

The trouble all began one day,
When fickle Lady Scott
Made up her mind to run away,
And did it on the spot.

Twelve years in all she stayed abroad
Beyond the day she flitted,
And then repentant homeward trod,
And asked to be admitted..

Not only did her husband say
That he would not receive her,
But also he declined to pay
A penny to relieve her.

He cautioned all the tradesmen not
To give her any credit;
To Mr. Manly also Scott
Particularly said it.

But Manly knew a thing or two,
At least he thought he did,
And fitted her out all anew;
The bill was forty quid.

PARNEY'S BASKETEERS TRIM ESKIMOS IN FINAL 29---18.

Fine Combination by Varsity Boys Bewilders Burnett's Tribe.—
Ready to Meet Calgary on 25th and Repeat the Performance.

In an effort to turn back the victorious basket shooters of the University, Burnett carried out a dugout raid on Crozier trench, but even the appearance of Big John did not frighten our speed artists.

Last Wednesday's game was replete with thrills from the start to half time, but in the second stanza the Eskimos did not appear to stand the strain so well. Constant changes in their lineup also tended to mar what might have been good combination.

Scoring commenced shortly after the whistle blew. Stanton placed a neat foul shot in the hoop for the initial count, but this was quickly followed by one due to Muir's steady aim. Big John, in an endeavour to show why he should be on the floor, scored a nice field basket, and Stanton repeated his previous performance with another foul shot. The spotlight flashed upon Muir for his

opened this frame by scoring another foul shot. At no time during this half did the Eskimos hold the upper hand either in scoring or the play. Teskey looked after the wily John in an excellent manner, and for that reason he was ruled off by the 4P route, being replaced by our all-round athlete, Jack McAllister. Towards the end of the period Parney and Muir found their real stride, but further scoring was prevented by the timekeeper's whistle.

Varsity, 27; Eskimos, 18.

Conrad and Teskey for Varsity did excellent work on the defensive. Young held Ken. Crozier to one lonesome basket, at the same time scoring two himself. Muir and Parney showed up well in the scoring, and worked together nicely.

Lineup

Eskimos	Varsity
K. Crozier	Centre
Young

PROVINCIAL BASKETBALL CHAMPIONSHIP SEMI-FINALS

Calgary vs. U. of Alberta
VARSITY GYMNASIUM

Saturday, February 25th, at 7:30 p.m.

Admission—50c.

first field basket. This gave Teskey the necessary incentive, and he gave the Varsity team a small lead by scoring a field basket from mid-floor. "Pip's" brigade opened their barrage at this juncture, and from then on the whole family was happy.

For the remaining few minutes of the first half Parney scored two field baskets. Stanton was replaced by Sparling, but the close checking by our defence kept the Eskimo score to the minimum. The half ended by Muir scoring another foul.
Varsity 14; Eskimos, 11.

The Eskimos rearranged their team, Dunsworth playing forward and Ockenden on the defence. Muir

And, though he tried, he never got
A bit of satisfaction
Out of the stubborn fellow, Scott,
And so he brought this action.

But Wyndham said, "Upon my life,
It puts me in a fury
To think a man should have his wife
Apparelled by a jury.

"She, like a bawd, might fly at will
And seize upon her pulpy,
And leave him just to foot the bill
Without a word to say.

"The mercer, gallant, and the wife
Could thus combine to cheat him;
Again, I say, upon my life,
That's not the way to treat him."

Forwards
Stanton Muir
J. Crozier Parney

Defence
Dunsworth Teskey
Burnett Conrod

Subs.
Sparling McCabe
Ockenden Cox
Baker
Fletcher

Scoring
Eskimos:—J. Crozier, 11; Stanton, 3; K. Crozier, 2; Dunsworth, 2. Total, 18.

Varsity:—Muir, 11; Parney, 10; Young, 4; Teskey, 2. Total, 27.
Officials:—Jackson and Butchart.

Now, all who deal with wandering
wives,
Disgruntled with their lot,
Should regulate their business lives
By Manley versus Scott.

Ki—Yi—Yi—Yi!

The Wauneitas in a most humble and abject manner make apology for having disappointed the Meds on the Annual night. We, the Tribe, earnestly beg the pardon of the Meds for having taken them at their word that we should have time for only two songs. Poor old Meds! We are sorry we did not realise how badly you needed "our" songs and "our" yells to entertain the crowd! Happily Science had the foresight which we lacked and the night was a success.

PHARMACY

We know of no better way to introduce our club than by giving our already famous Emulsion Yell, which was recently compiled in the Pharmacy Lab. Even if we say it ourselves, it is a specimen of master skill, and human ingenuity, and we defy any other club to produce its equal. Here it is. Altogether—

Oil—water—gum,
Four—two—one,
Gaetz—Bills—Dunn
Have us on the run,
P H A R M A C Y

It was rumored that our beloved Bills swallowed a demi-tasse last week, and we are looking for the thug who spread this false report. Bills assured the writer it was a coffee cup and not a demi-tasse.

Last week the male members of the Club (both of them) at the Metropolitan—nuff sed.

Adventures of Two Whiteman Crooks

Our story took place in the north-land, just after the Whiteman came and introduced prohibition.

A Carter by the name of Torrance, and a fur dealer named Pinsky were bringing a load of Martin to the Third trading post. Our famous whiskey sleuths Christensen and Vickerson, came to the conclusion that they were Crooks, so held them up to search for a little private stock, which was rumored they were trying to deliver to Messrs Ellund and Edwards, who had a moonshine monopoly for the entire North.

To be sure they did find a bottle, but Vickerson, whose education in Boozeology has been a Pauling-ly neglected, declared it tasted very much like Bryan.. At this statement the bootlegger's faces lit up with joy, and all would have gone well with them had not a Scott appeared upon the scene.

Now, a Scott knows Fire-water when he tsates it. "That's moonshine, not salt-water," Sandy declared, "the government should take away their trapping Grant."

At this call for justice, the faces of the trappers turned white with fear. "We're Dunn," cried Pinsky, "Let's make a Hardin fast dash for the Gaetz."

"Watts' the use, we haven't any money," said Torrance.

"We can Russell up a few Bills to get a new Garbutt we must make haste," said Pinsky, just waking in time to follow the other students from the lecture-room.

Herd in Biochem. Lecture—Prof. Bills: A hieffer is a one-year-old female cow.

"The evolution theory," said Prof. Sheldon, "is that we all come from monkeys."

"That's wrong," said the flea, biting him on the bald spot, "I came from a dog."

Indignant young Wauneita: What do you take me for?

Freshman: I should like to take you for better or worse.

Dr. Lehmann's Formula for Home Brew

Sugar, water, raisins, rice,
A cake of yeast, a pinch of spice,
Soap to give the proper foam,
Baking powder, pumice stone.
Mix it up until it's clear,
Let it age about a year.
Watch what it intends to do;
If it explodes, it's good Home Brew.

THE GATEWAY



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INTER-VARSITY RELATIONS

Recent events have brought into prominence our relations with our sister institutions in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. On Friday last, we were addressed in Convocation Hall by Prof. Wilson, the official visitor from Saskatoon, and there was no one in the audience but praised the day our presidents were inspired to arrange for this exchange of visitors, which so admirably symbolises the community of ideals and interests which exists between western universities. The lecture, one of great educational value, was presented so ably that it gave freshness and new interest to the familiar subject chosen, which was precisely the object the speaker had in view. But we feel that there was a message which had a value even higher than the educational one; an inspiration which will infuse new life and vigor into all our work; a greeting from the faculty and students of Saskatchewan, with the realisation that, in the province to the east there is a great body of young men and women, our fellow students, who are striving to reach the same goal as we are, and who are in fact our comrades, although separated from us by a wide expanse of prairie.

We feel that we speak for the entire student body when we express, not only our appreciation of Prof. Wilson's lecture, but also of the whole movement, which can do so much to promote good feeling between the university students of western Canada.

This, however, is only one phase of our inter-arsity relations, and perhaps, even more important, are the various contests in athletics, or debating, in which we compete with the other universities. Last fall we had a visit from the track teams of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Within the last two weeks the ladies' hockey team and the debating team from Saskatoon were here, and were given a very cordial reception. We have also had our ladies' basketball team and our debating team, after their visits to the east, return to us with great praise for the hospitality with which they were received. What do we learn from this? That in inter-arsity competition there seems to be developed the very highest type of good sportsmanship, not only among the participants, but, which more remarkable, even among the onlookers. It does not signify much that we can give Prof. Wilson a good reception, nor that Prof. McGibbon was well received, but when the students of the three universities can welcome their opponents, give them

their due applause in the contest, and hearty congratulation on victory, it is certainly an indication of the very best spirit and good fellowship existing between the students of these provinces. Perhaps we do not all realise the value of these cordial relations. Let us all consider them for a moment and then resolve, that from now on we will each in his own way do what is in his power to maintain and to strengthen the noble sentiment which binds us together as comrades and fellow students.

THE KNOTHOLE

Our initial bow, ladies and gentlemen.
 We have heard of casseroles and better 'oles, but we had to peer through the knothole to get our stuff, hence the name.

O! Helena thou art,
 A Senior with a fiery heart.
 But even you must bow to fates,
 When'er you see the Pearly Gaetz.

Overheard at the Heart-y Party

"Tubby is a good head, taking him all around."
 "Gimme a cigarette."
 "When and what do we eat?"
 Jazz Smith: "This is a real gazzaboos' party."
 'Ed. note.—We are still trying to find a suitable definition of gazzabo, but believe it is related in some way to Agronomist).

Jimmy: "What do you call a guy that runs an automobile?"

Alf: "It depends how close he comes to hitting me."

A Pome

The big red steer,
 He wagged his ear;
 A solemn eye he wunk.
 He pawed the mud,
 And chewed his cud,
 And thunk—and thunk—and thunk.
 —Pote Lariat.

Life of One

A semi-bald freshman.
 A Junior, and
 Numerous club jobs.
 Generally a good fellow.
 President of the Union.
 A B.S.A. degree, then
 A JOB, AND \$15.00 PER.

Favourite Indoor Sports

Jarett, in pyjamas, giving a demonstration of Morse flag drill.
 McClung and Nicoll eating breakfast in the bathroom.

A "kimono" dance in Pembina's corridors, accompanied by the Harmony Four orchestra.

"We Ask You"

If you don't feel just right,
 If you can't sleep at night,
 If you moan and sigh,
 If your throat is dry,
 If you can't smoke or drink,
 If your grub tastes like ink,
 If your heart don't beat,
 If you've got cold feet.
 If your head's in a whirl.

WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THE GIRL?
 —"Squeak."

By the way, wasn't it too bad that some science students had to wash their necks below normal water line for Med. night?

Our Idea of Time and Space

Dr. Sheldon interviewing a Freshman for two minutes in the spacious Senate chamber.

Be it ever so humble there's no shape like your own.

The Model Prof.

(With apologies to Geo. Robey)

He's a gentleman of limited loquacity,
 A proclivity for patience he displays,
 A desire for impounding knowledges he evinces.
 He's neither hard nor domineering in his ways.
 He's partial to promiscuous interrogations.
 To the blandishments of co-eds he succumbs.
 There's materially some humour in his make-up.
 In other words—he's chums.

Please Elucidate

Why Irene has suddenly changed her pet song to, "I'm everybody's baby."

Why the injury to Betty's face, and does Ted not get sufficient in the dining room.

Why, during the performance on Med. night, several Wauenitas should applaud when Johnny admitted that he was conceited.

From whom did Kemper borrow the cigarette before writing his "Ode to Nicotine," and (?) where did he get the match.

Does B. Timmins ever get her numerous appointments mixed, or does she keep a Secretary?

Higher Education

'Chem. 51

Xmas Tests

F. B. D.—

1. The lead ore containing silver is treated to a little Zinc. This unites with some of the Silver. The works is cooled down, whereupon the Ag₂Zn₅ solidifies first. This is scooped out by means of an extra large soup ladle. More Zinc is added and process repeated till most of the Silver is extracted. About ——— of Silver left is where this process ceases."

Professor's remarks: "What process is this?"

Vers Libre

Did you ever
 Meet a dream of a girl and
 Rave about her
 For weeks until
 All your friends wanted to
 Murder you
 And then find that
 Your idol had
 Clay feet
 Like the rest
 Of them?

Heard in the Wauneita Rooms

Isn't he an absolute nut?
 Oh, but I just love dogs; all woolly and noisy, you know.
 That's just like my new spring togs.
 Who borrowed my powder puff?
 Mr. Smith raved about it in Class,
 And about iron filings—I wonder?—
 Did anyone here get a pass?
 Just look at my stockings, old bean.
 Keep it dark, dear—Isn't it luck!
 That the Meds can practise on stiffs!
 Who's taking you to the Tuck?

We Would Like to Know

Why the bench in the Arts Building is called the Lamb's Quarters?
 If some Wauneitas have ever been more than Djer kissed.
 What is the name of the Commerce student who raises irrelevant questions and then answers them himself?
 If the Wauneitas are all "good" Indians?
 When we are going to enjoy that new and efficient telephone service we heard so much of about a month ago?
 If some boys are really such modest guys that they let their sox speak for them?
 Why Frank is allowed to visit Pembina at other than regular calling hours?
 Where and how far Paul went Saturday night and just what became of his street car tickets?

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COMMUNICATIONS

Edmonton, Alberta,
Feb. 15, '22.

The Editor, Gateway,
Dear Sir:—Any organised effort
is always followed by the difficult
duty of the distribution of credit.

In the report of the recent Med.
night activities there was one no-
table omission. This omission is
easily explicable by a glance at the
name opposite "News Editor" on the
"Gateway" staff.

Now I beseech you, Mr. Editor, "to
do a great right to a little wrong"
and curb this News editor of his will.
Allow me to tell the readers of the
"Gateway" that to this very man
no inconsiderable amount of praise
is due. From the beginning to the
end of activities his energies and ex-
perience were placed unselfishly at
my disposal, and were utilised, I may
say, to the point of a bronchial in-
fection.

The possibility of this development
(not the bronchial infection) from the
write up should have been foreseen
and provided for, and I can only hope
that Mr. Levey will be satisfied with
this belated recognition of his work.
Many other names could and prob-
ably should have been mentioned, but
this one in particular could not be
glossed over without a guilty con-
science.

Thinking you, Mr. Editor, for the
assistance which I trust you will give,

I am yours, etc.,
MILTON S. LLOYD.

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COMMERCIAL GRADS CITY CHAMPIONS

(Continued from Page 1)

and D. Johnston to ten baskets is
mighty good work.

At half time the score stood 8-7
in favor of Varsity, with play very
close. When play was resumed, how-
ever, the Commercial Grads. gradu-
ally pulled into the lead, outscoring
Varsity in the second half 14-2.

The Grads. played their usual con-
sistent game. Every player can
handle the ball and cover the floor
in quick time.

For the Commercial D. Johnston
scored 6 field baskets; Nellie Perry,
4 field baskets and 1 free throw.
Olive Caldwell, for Varsity, scored
3 field baskets and two free throws,
while Lucile Barker scored 1 field
basket. This win gives the Com-
mercial Grads. the city championship.
Their next game is with Lethbridge
for the Provincial championship. The
Varsity girls wish the Grads. the
best of luck to bring the champion-
ship to Edmonton.

Mrs. Sam Anderson and Miss
Hastie handled the game to the en-
tire satisfaction of both teams.

The line-up was as follows:—

Varsity	Forwards	Grads.
O. Caldwell	D. Johnson
L. Barker	N. Perrie
G. Studholme	D. Johnson
B. Carmichael	K. Mountfield
Centre		
M. Stanford	W. Martin
Subs.		
S. McLennan	C. Smith

Officials: Mrs. Sam Anderson, Mrs.
Hastie.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
Drama: "ZAZA".

JUNIOR AND SENIOR GIRLS ENTERTAINED AT TEA

On Wednesday, February 15th,
Mrs. Tory and Mrs. Killam entertain-
ed informally at the tea hour for the
girls of the Third and Fourth years,
at Mrs. Tory's home. Valentine dec-
orations were effectively carried out
in the rooms, the tea table being
centered with red carnations and
tulles.

During the afternoon Miss M.
Simpson and Miss H. Kerr sang very
delightfully.

Mrs. Sheldon poured tea, Mrs. Wil-
son cut the ices, and the Misses Edith
Hamilton, Ethel Steele and Trixie
Leisemer assisted in serving.

ANY NIGHT—PEMBINA

The time of day I love the best
Is 'round 'bout nine o'clock;
I hear the door bells ring,
And half way down the hall
Hurrying footsteps sound. I hope
The maid is coming down for me!
She taps and peeks within to say,
"Gentleman to see you, miss."
My heart beats quick as up I jump,
And e'er the door has quite closed
tight,
I call out soft—(It's after eight!)—
"O, Janie! Is he fat or slight?"
In pops her face, she whispers back:
"It's the usual one, please, miss."
I turn and say, with boresome air:
"Not home tonight, I guess!"

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
Drama: "ZAZA".

"HATTERS ENJOY JOLLY PARTY AT HOME OF FORMER TEACHER

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A.
McLennan was the scene of a jolly
gathering of Medicine Hat students
on Thursday evening. With "Tom-
my" at the piano cares of Varsity
life were forgotten and the evening
of dancing passed all too quickly.
Delicious refreshments were served
by the hostess. The party broke up
with the singing of "For They Are
Jolly Good Fellows," and everyone
went home voting it one of the jol-
liest evenings since coming to Var-
sity.

APPLIED SCIENCE

We brought along our fishing poles
to catch suckers, but alas, all the
Meds were on the other side of the
hall.

After seeing several of the Senior
notices we would suggest that some
of their composers take a post-grad-
uate course in Latin and English.
Their spelling might be improved.

We may be a bunch of roughnecks,
but there isn't a wop amongst us.

Science '24 moved out the other
day. In MOODY silence they pre-
pared to WAIT until the STOCK was
loaded into the WAINES. They seem-
ed FETTER-ed to the task of loading
a MILLEN or more slide-rules and
things. FERGUSON jumped over
the ETH-RIDGE in despair. MUIR
started to FAN-JOY into the crowd
by singing "COX'S Army," but they
all began to WILTON finding CLARK
was full of TRIX. But what did Mc-
DONALD have to TEL-FER when
SYMES said he didn't give ADAM
for the whole business?

Prof. Adams says that he is pat-
enting a new form of screen to sift
some of the remarks issuing from
the first year drawing lab.

An observing Science-hound has it
doped out with equations, graphs and
everything that the reason "Sleepy"
Fetter makes such high marks is that
he comes in late for each lecture and
then sleeps the rest of the period!

Favorite Occupations of Some Juniors and Seniors

Rosy Whitman: Getting in good
with the government.

Dick Bryden: Keeping his aver-
age above 98.

Bill Jewitt: Living up to the En-
gineers' yell.

Jim Nichol: Staging endurance
bouts with the alarm clock.

Charlie Reed: Talking and keep-
warm.

Donaldson: Looking for opportu-
nities to use the three big words he
knows how to pronounce.

Steve Atkinson: Dancing and
making himself popular with the
ladies.

Bill MacDonad: Admiring bobbed
hair.

Barnecutt: Showing off his new
shoes.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
Drama: "ZAZA".

As long as we can heartily give the
first three lines of our "Forty Beers,"
we can depend on the other faculties
to help out with the last one. We
noticed they were all working for us
on Med. night.

The Meds may know a lot about
bones, but Clark says he can beat any
of them rolling them!

Scotty MacMillan figured out this
method to make yourself independ-
ent. All you need to commence is
four dollars. Let x equal \$4. Inte-
grate once and obtain \$8. Integrate
again and you get \$32. Keep this
up as long as required to make it
unnecessary and superfluous to study
mechanics any longer.

What do we want with eggs and
ham,
When we can study and plug and
cram?

A young lady went into a furni-
ture store to buy an easy chair for
her husband:—

"Morris?" politely asked the clerk.
"No, Dick," was the unexpected
reply.

Wilton-Clarke, multiplying on the
slide-rule a year ago:—

"Three times two, five point nine
nine, call it six."

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Someone has made the remark that
Simpkins ought to be good, in C. E.
52 (Foundations).

We understand that a new and ul-
tra-sensitive galvanometer has re-
cently been invented to detect brain
activity. The instrument is so deli-
cate as even to register the number
of synapses forming in the cerebrum
of the editor of the Med. columns,
which was accidentally printed in the
Casserole last week. As some of the
literary sharks might remark, that
would be the essence of quintessence
of delicatessence.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
Drama: "ZAZA".

An overtown bookseller is adver-
tising "Padded leather poets."—No
doubt the padded leather would be
badly needed if we could meet some
of the "poets" whose stuff we've had
to study.

One who knows tells us that it is
h— when, expecting your mid-month
cheque, and, seeing your name on
the P. O. list, you wait in the queue
for about fifteen minutes, only to get
a 10c valentine from a girl you don't
care two pins about.

AND HE CLOSED HIS EYES AND TURNED UP HIS TOES

(Continued from last week)

Pelletier's people had moved to the city only a few months before, and partly because money was scarce and partly because old habits were hard to get rid of, they used the old furniture they had brought with them from their homestead, buying only the 'acajou' topped table; Georges had insisted on having that.

Yes, that room did make the bunch rather uneasy; their talk was somewhat hushed and unnatural at first, but after—well, any undergrad knows how they'd talk, and the others can imagine what they are not sure of; of course the morning's class in French and the professor came in for a share of it. About five to eleven Pelletier's chum, the Soup-wagon, a lanky, fair-haired, deliberate youth who had won his name by writing popular satires under that non-de-plume, shouted to him:

"How about trying that scheme—you could at least clear up some of your baby accounts—what say?" The whole room was in an uproar. Pelletier grinned indulgently, then uncomfortably, when he saw that the Soup-wagon meant it.

"Try it yourself," said he, with a poor attempt at unconcern; I won't."

"No nerve, eh?"—"Where's the yellow streak?"—"Come through."—"Don't be a fish," and a few stronger expletives were hurled at the gaping, cellar-hued Pelletier.

"You poor fish, don't try to tell me a voice like yours could finish anyone; it's not Herculean, you know," the Soup-wagon called out, mimicking Pelletier's scared quaver.

"Cut it out boys; I don't want to do it—it's not wise!" Suppressed titters and chuckles came from all parts of the room, then two of the fellows who happened to be sitting a little in front of the green-eyed, green-mouthed face, glanced uncomfortably over their shoulders; laughing seem out of place here.

"Well, just to show you're game—try it. Say whatever I say." It was the Soup-wagon speaking. His victim showed signs of yielding, then: "I can't do it, Soup; suppose it would work?" Pelletier grimaced fearfully to show the horror he felt, but this time no one grinned—the atmosphere was getting them—except the lanky one, whose grin could survive almost anything. "Maybe—maybe it won't do any harm, anyway I never heard of it before, so—maybe."

"That's something like," beamed the Soup-wagon, rubbing his hands, "I'll blow out that lantern and we will begin." Meanwhile a heavy cloud had come before the moon and a slow drizzle of rain that was partly snow, was falling; so when Soup did blow out the lantern, the patter of the rain on the window, and the remaining green candle-light made the boys feel a trifle uncanny. No wonder Pelletier yelled despairingly:

"Aw, Soup—have a heart."

"Thanks, I have one already and a very precious one it is too."

"Oh, ye gods, light that lantern, and can that nonsense."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," the tormentor was growling down his throat as usual, "and if you don't hurry the performance I'll use some of my usual brand of strong language on you, besides two considerable hands." He paused a moment, then suggested that Tubby, who sat nearest the table, should snuff out the light. Tubby didn't have enough energy left, so Soup sighed impatiently and strode over to blow it out himself.

Pelletier capitulated a few minutes later, grumbling, "well, what have I got to say?"

"I wish that as I raise my finger," replied a mumble right at his elbow.

Frenchie's voice sure was unrecognizable as he repeated: "I wish that as I raise my finger."

"So may an old man in China—"

"—Not in China—India or Turkey, maybe, but I draw the line at China." Pelletier objected strenuously, for he had an uncle in China who had money and a failing for his beloved nephew.

"—Who has lost his nerve?" rumbled the voice at his elbow.

And Georges repeated obediently: "So may an old man in—China—"

"—Cash in and bequeath me his remains, cayoose and all," concluded Soup. As soon as the scared, hoarse, little voice had repeated this the possessor of the rumble lit a match and held it near the hand that belonged to the voice as one shaky finger was uncertainly raised. The room was quiet—too quiet. Even the wind-blown curtains hung like things dead that could not be disturbed by earthly breezes. The gruesome performance over, someone lit the lantern, but no one ventured near the candle; the only smile in the room was on the Soup-wagon's face, but he was having a hard time with it.

It wasn't long before the boys dragged themselves off, for the comedy had left the impression of tragedy on them all.

During the ensuing week, Pelletier submitted to lectures as per usual—no—there was one difference: his brain was on the job—worrying—worrying—worrying. One morning, after fidgeting throughout a way-over-his-head math. lecture, he rushed home, hoping to get some rest. He threw himself on the foot of his bed, cupped his chin in his hands, and began staring out of the window; even if he had seen what he was looking at, it would have given him little comfort, for it was as miserable-looking as he was.

About noon, the Soup-wagon, who roomed with him, came in and nonchalantly handed him a telegram. "Just came."

Pelletier read the telegram, imitated the spectrum, tore off his collar and sank on the bed muttering dazedly:

"D—did I kill him? Mon Dieu—Soup, tell me d—did I?"

His chum didn't answer, but picked up the crumpled piece of paper on which he read:

"Uncle died Wednesday, eleven P.M. Will in your favor." M. Rochedieu, Peking.

The poor fellow was in an agony of remorse for the rest of the day. The Soup-wagon, having troubles of his own, banged himself out of the room and trued down to the snappiest vaudeville show in town. Into Pelletier's fevered mind flashed the picture of the devil dancers at Riviere-du-Loup; he had dispersed them with his hymn that night, even before they had finished one dance. Could they, wanting revenge, have done this? Could they? All through that afternoon he lay there, first on his back, then on his left side, over on to his right; he didn't seem able to find a comfortable position. It grew dark. Downstairs they were having supper; no one came for him though, for Soup had said it was wiser to leave him undisturbed. There was no moon that night and Pelletier was glad; darkness was such a comfort. He fell asleep a short while before sunrise and slept well into the day.

He dressed slowly and then rambled off in the general direction of a certain professor's office—that of the Scotch professor of French, in fact. He told him all his troubles, told him what torment he had suffered and pitifully asked if he were really guilty of his uncle's murder. The professor solemnly swore to keep Pelletier's secret inviolate, but would say nothing as to his guilt. He was very grave during the whole interview, even the teasing twinkle had

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ALL EDMONTON CAST

COMMERCE

It has been suggested that the coat of arms of the Commerce students be a dollar sign rampant on a field of gold.

\$ \$ \$

We are wondering why Page fell down so lamentably in Acct. I. A drop from 97 to 87 is serious. Buck up, old man. You're slipping.

\$ \$ \$

The following gradation in literary taste has been worked out by our statistician:

Favorite Magazines

Frosh: Literary Digest.

Sophs: MacBean's.

Juniors: Snappy Stories.

Seniors: La Vie Parisienne.

\$ \$ \$

We presume that everyone will be delighted to hear that the "baby club" has cut its first toofie.

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left his eye, but nevertheless it was a failure, a dismal, depressing failure.

The days that followed were days of dread for poor Pelletier; he expected the legal document containing the provisions of his uncle's will, though he hoped and prayed that it would never come; books positively nauseated him so he piled everyone of his on the floor of the clothes-press, and he skipped every lecture—never even thought of them. When the Soup-wagon came in whistling "Ain't we got Fun", Georges would make a dash for the door and walk and walk and walk till he couldn't put one foot in front of the other; but if Soup came in quietly and soberly, he welcomed him and then began speaking of the devil-dancers of Riviere-du-Loup, of the fateful Wednesday night, and of the Soup-wagon's ignominious part in the affair; by that time he had generally managed to talk him out of the room, for even Soup-wagons have a limit of endurance; but if he hadn't, poor Soup was sure to get told a few things; Pelletier didn't spare him. His chum stood it for a while, but when he took to chanting mournfully the old voyageur's song of death, beginning:

Petit Rocher de la Haute Montagne,
Je viens finir ici cette campagne;
Ah! doux echos entendez mes soupirs;
En languissant je va bientôt mourir!

this worthy decided to tell him what he knew, which was considerable. Of course the telegram was a fake; Pelletier had had the graciousness to be totally unsuspecting, and the professor had actually been coached into his unusual gravity.

Pelletier's spirit rebounded like a golf ball thrown to the pavement; he became one of the jolliest, and he turned to his work with a zest unequalled in the rest of the university. So, though only the professor and the Soup-wagon know it, he passed his finals, not because of his good luck or the great good heart of the many profs., but as a result of the spirit of study infused into him by this same practical joke.

Rita H. MacCosham.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
Drama: "ZAZA".

CALGARY VS. UNIVERSITY

How about it, gang? Next Saturday at 7.30 Varsity lines up against the Calgary All Stars for the provincial championship. We have a peppy team. Why not a peppy crowd? You all know that first class Basketball is played, so let's support the team. We hate to brag, but our hoop-artists are the real hounds when it comes to trailing a cup. Calgary is dead sure of victory, so we must all be there to give them the haw haw when our boys have piled up a 100 point lead.

Then besides we must show the southerners that we are real sports when it comes to entertaining. "Pip" will be there to wave his cane as everybody roots. After the game we will carry on the good time with a dance.

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HELPFUL HINTS TO ROOKIES

To those junior members of hte O. T. C. who are mystified by sundry groups of initials which comprise the greater part of battalion orders and of the conversation of old sweats, we publish the following extract from K. R. & O.:
P. P. C. L. I.—Please Protect Canada's Little Infants.
R. C. R.—Run, Canada, Run.
M. M.—MacConnichie Medal.
S. C. R.—Soft Cushy Retreat.
R. A. M. C.—Rob All My Comrades.
D. S. O.—
V. A. D.—Very Affectionate Darlings.
W. A. A. C.—We Are All Cuties.
O. M. R.—Overlooked Mounted Rifles.
C. L. H.—Canada's Last Hope.

CUPS OF TEA AND OTHER THINGS

Although Miss Dodd is unable to resume her duties in Pembina as yet, we are glad to know that she is able to be out.

Sophomore girls entertained at tea on Friday, February 17th. Mrs. Wallace entertained the sophomore girls at Mrs. Wallace's suite, Assiniboia. The rooms were tastefully decorated with narcissus. Mrs. Wyatt poured the tea and the Misses Alice Joyce, Sadie Treacy, Bernice Hegler, Freda Smith assisted in serving.

Pembina was the scene of two delightful "feeds" on Friday night when Miss Glendora Hicks entertained a number of her friends and Miss Hilda Hobbs entertained the hockey girls.

Miss Aileen Newby, a former student of the University, was the guest of Miss Daphne Koenig on Tuesday evening.

Miss Field a graduate of Durham University, has taken up her residence in Pembina, while attending Normal school.

We have heard rumors that the Juniors and Seniors were not the only ones to enjoy their dance on the thirteenth. It appears that the Sophs and the Freshettes were enjoying themselves equally well on the second floor. The only interruption occurred early in the evening when there was a scurry for refuge behind doors and in strange sitting rooms. The music supplied by the Home Circle Orchestra was enjoyed by everyone. Refreshments were not served. Any time the Juniors and Seniors feel like putting on another dance they can be assured of the hearty appreciation of the Sophs and Freshettes.

MEDICAL COLUMN

Obstetrics—The scientific supervision of an individual's first obstacle race.

Osteopathy—Another bone play.

Major Operation—Anything over fifty dollars.

Minor Operation—Something for the assistant.

Surgery—Many a limousine and beaver coat have come out of the Right Iliac Fossa.

Medicine—The venerable progenitor of a lusty and howling family.

Pathology—Looking at things from the inside.

Anatomy—A "stiff" subject.

Materia Medica—The mat on which many Meds are downed.

Neurology—Reproducing the answer. Splanchnology—For now we see through the glass darkly.

Clinical Methods—Red convincing "Son" that his hiccoughs are due to the spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm.

Psychology—Ask any 3rd year student (privately).

Bacteriology—Hunting the diplococcus in his lair.

Out-Patient Department—Where Jew and Gentile meet.

Humor is the anti-septic of life—Osler.

Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust: If McPhee doesn't pluck you, then Dr. Green must.

Even if you have trouble to burn, make light of it.

Diagnosed

1st Med: There is an awful rumbling in my stomach—like a cart going over a cobblestone street.

2nd Med.: Probably it's that truck you ate for dinner last night.

Prof.: What will you find if you cut out the lungs of a dog?

3rd Year Student: The seat of his pants.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy Drama: "ZAZA".

Just So!

The changes they are making in hymns are a bit confusing, as in the case of the little seven-year-old girl who went to Sunday School for the first time. The hymns were beautiful, she said.

Early next morning she was heard shouting solemnly, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus!" and then in a rollicking tone of voice: "Sit down, sit down, you're rocking the boat."

The Berries

He was a fine type of a "Frosh." He wore new-fangled "golashes." As he twirled his "mus" "tosh", This gent said: "My gosh!" I forgot to put on my eye "lashes."

Meds. vs. Aggies.

1st Year Med: Why, some women even go as far as to sterilize the broom handle."

1st Year Aggie: That may be so, but they also leave the hair brush looking like a horsehide or saddle blanket.

If A—i—ll had been at the battle of Bull Run, we are sure that the Bull would have been shot.

Ode to Materia Medica Exam.

By Poet Mat. Med. Exam. Victim
Whither going, awful paper,
Bearing sighs, regrets and labor,
Hazy notes about asmosis,
Source, solubilities and doses?

Nauseated, full of tinctures,
Here I worked with aches and fevers,
Why should Gaetz, with well-timed measure
Choose this means to strafe my pleasure?

Bravely, too, I tried to bluff,
But dear old Daddy knows that guff.
The Spring exams. are crowding nearer,
And so the prospect's getting drearer.

Oh! for work hours which I lack,
To avert your feared attack.
I curse you roundly, long and deep,
Till my "damns" lull me to sleep.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy Drama: "ZAZA".

PEMBINA CALLERS

Among those who called at Pembina on Sunday were the following:

H. R. Thornton and A. MacAulay at 2 and 6.30 o'clock—walk (Tubby and Archy had to wait 27 min. the first time).

Karl Wintemute, 2.30—snowshoeing; 8.30—large parlor.

Rex Simmons, afternoon and evening—large parlor.

Ed. N. Davis, Jas. Brunton and J. Robinson—Hike (the boys had to wait 43 min. The Gateway representative got sleepy and went home, so doesn't know what time they returned from the hike).

Frank Law, 2—5.30—little parlor; 6.30—8.10—walk; 8.10—8.30?

G. Saunders, walk (didn't risk coming in).

Wm. Bryan (she was out at 3 o'clock but Bill found her at home at 9).

Earl Noble, 2.50—?—walk.

H. Mathews—twice.

W. A. Sibbets. (Sibby says this is the first time).

A. M. Crawford (was out of luck, Jimmy beat him to it).

J. D. Adam—walk (forgot to punch the time clock).

R. Moss (as usual).

Gardiner, evening, large parlor.

Max Crawford—walk, 7 p.m.

H. Wilton—Clark—walk 8 p.m.

E. Campbell, J. Madril, and Albert Lang, evening—large parlor.

Others reported to have called are Pip Owen, Bruce Macdonald, Clarence Manning, D. Simpkin, G. Rankin, Geo. Stewart, and D. Simpson.

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STUDENTS' UNION ELECIONS

Nominations for the following office will be received by the secretary up to Wednesday, March First:—

Students' Union—

Pres.
Vice-Pres.
Treasurer.
Secretary.
Chief Justice.
Sheriff.

Literary Association—

Pres.
Sec'y.

Athletic Ass'n.—

Pres.
Sec'y.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
Drama: "ZAZA".

INTERFACULTY HOCKEY

Last Friday afternoon the fastest game of the interfaculty league was played between Arts and Aggies. The game was fast and clean from start to finish. At the end of the second period the Aggies were leading 2-1, but during the third period the combination work of the Art's forward line was too much for the Aggies, and two goals were run in, in quick succession.

Powers gave a nice exhibition for Arts, and Doughty was a whole team for the Aggies.

This win gives the Arts team a good chance of getting in the play-off, as they have not lost a game so far.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

There will be a University Inter-Faculty Track Meet in the Armories on Saturday afternoon, March 4th. You are requested to get out, train and support your faculty. There will be a variety of events: High jump, running high jump, relay races, shot put and basketball throwing. The training hours for girls are from 7.30-8.30, Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, and Tuesday afternoon in the Gymnasium. Lend your support to bring your Faculty out on top.

"ZAZA" AT THE METROPOLITAN

"Zaza" is the title of the play presented at the Metropolitan theatre this week, by Miss Verna Felton and her company.

The play consists of five acts, the climax occurring in the third. In the first act the audience is introduced to the sordid and the humorous side of stage life behind the scenes. The rest of the play is presented by the main characters and is very easily followed. Humorous sketches throughout the play do not destroy the plot, but prevent the heavy parts from becoming boring.

The home of "Zaza" is in Paris. She is a vaudeville singer of no mean repute, and has become the talk of the boulevards. A small wager with one of her friends involves an introduction to one, Dufrene, and here the trouble begins. Without enquiry "Zaza" takes Dufrene as her own. Six months of courtship ensues, with the usual disastrous results.

Miss Verna Felton displays her usual ability in the role of "Zaza."

The difficult role of "Dufrene" is acted by Mr. Allen Strickfaden in a masterly fashion. Of the minor roles mention should be made of little Miss Beryl Salis as "Toto," Mrs. Allen as "Aunt Rosa Bonne" and Miss Ivy Bowman as "Nathalie" furnished the humorous parts in the play.

—J. F. B.

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INTERESTING LECTURE BY PROF. WILSON OF U. OF S.

(Continued from Page 1)

science to supply knowledge of natural laws and to fit us for the different professions.

Professor Wilson concluded his address by saying that our predilection for fiction is due to a deep instinct of nature that saves us from our effective formulated judgments.

At the close of the address, President Tory asked the audience to show their appreciation, which was done in the usual hearty manner.

Metropolitan This Week: Comedy
Drama: "ZAZA".

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